

The Saturday News

Vol. III

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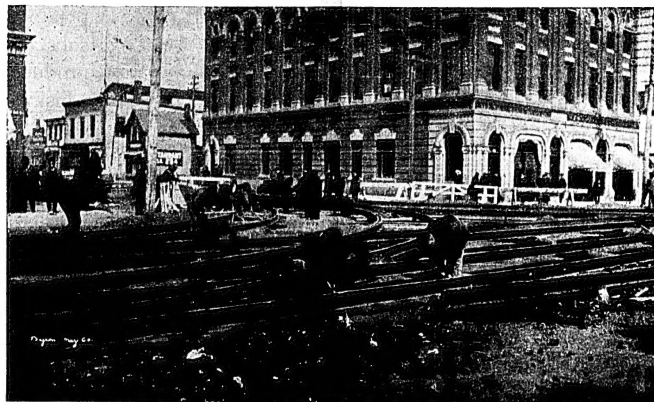
NOTE AND COMMENT

The present session of the Dominion Parliament promises a degree of legislative progress that was not expected of it. No announcement of greater consequence to the country has been made in many years than that of last week, to the effect that a bill would be introduced before prorogation to provide for the construction of a line to Hudson's Bay, the improvement of the harbor of Fort Churchill, the construction of elevators and the buoying and lighting of the Bay and the Strait in order to make them safe for navigation. The idea is to make the West pay for the project, by setting aside some three million acres of land from that originally set aside for selection by the railways. By disposing of this, it is believed that in ten or twelve years at least thirty million dollars may be obtained, which will be ample to finance the whole Hudson's Bay project. The plan has the appearance of feasibility and justice. It will be the West which will benefit almost exclusively and it would hardly be fair to put any burdens on the rest of the country. Just what the effect will be on national development, if the route proves a success, is an interesting subject for speculation. Of course navigation will be possible only for about four months out of the twelve at most, but take the trade away from the St. Lawrence route that may be handled by way of the Bay during that part of the year and the effect will be seen to be very serious for those whose interests are bound up with the former. Another diversion which must be considered in connection with the trade of the two westernmost provinces at least is that which will take place when the Panama canal is finished. With the easy grade which the G.T.P. is securing through the mountains, we have always been inclined to the opinion that this would mean more to Alberta than the Hudson's Bay railway. But either will effect a wonderful change for us after the long and trying journey that our products now have to make before they reach the markets of the world.

Another measure of large importance is also in prospect for the closing weeks of the session. The report of the civil service commission is to have results, the government having decided to introduce a bill which will put the public service on a more efficient and common sense basis, the patronage committee's day, so we are led to believe, being brought to a close. The details of the proposed legislation will be watched with interest, for the subject is one in regard to which the mass of the public have strong opinions. Why anyone should fail to welcome it, outside the ranks of those who are looking for government jobs without any qualifications for them outside the fact that they have rendered their party service, is more than we can understand. Mr. Borden's attitude towards the bill will be noted with interest. He deserves credit for having brought the subject into the arena of general discussion and to preserve the advantage which he has thus acquired, his logical course is to co-operate with the government in having effective legislation placed upon the statute books.

A company has been organized to be called the Grand Trunk Pacific Town and Development Co., which will handle the townsites of the G.T.P. It has been permitted to purchase 13,043 acres of Dominion lands for townsite purposes as well as 12,297 from homesteaders whose homesteads have not been patented. It is about time that something was done to curtail the privileges of railway companies in this connection. The disposal of townsites has been one of the most profitable parts of the business of railroading in Western Canada. When we come to

How Is This for a Metropolitan Scene?



[Photo. by Byron-Mcay Co.]

Laying the street car rails at the corner of Jasper Avenue and First Street, Edmonton

reckon the aid which the public gives a company, we do not consider the money that it makes in this way, but it is a gift from the people all the same. We are gradually getting sner ideas than we used to have about what we should present to railroad corporations. In his speech on the Hudson's Bay project, Hon. Mr. Sifton declared that the land to be utilized for the construction of that road was now available as a result of a change of governmental policy after the Liberals came into power. Since they had, he pointed out, not an acre of land had been granted to any railway company. But does this town site privilege not amount to the same thing? Why should not the enormous profits which accrue therefrom be diverted to the treasury of the Dominion instead of to that of the railway? The sale of townsites on the route to Hudson's Bay alone would pay a large part of the cost of the line, and in making its estimate on that project the Government would do well to take this source of revenue into consideration. This applies to all other railway contracts to be entered into in the future as well.

Another hotel fire horror is reported, this time at Fort Wayne, Indiana. About a score of lives are believed to have been lost. Despite the frequent recurrences of such affairs, the greatest carelessness exists in many municipalities, hotels and theatres and schools being left in a singularly unprotected state. In Edmonton Chief Davidson of the fire department has of late been doing good work in insisting on compliance with the city by-laws. The hotels have recently been required to improve their fire escapes and fire alarm facilities.

The Ontario general elections are being held on a Monday, an unusual day. The reason assigned for the selection is that thousands of commercial travellers are unable to exercise the franchise except on that day. It is only just that everything possible should be done to secure a full vote but Mr. Whitney doubtless had in view as well the effect of his choice of date on his own political future. It is a well-known fact in Ontario that the majority of travellers, for some reason or other, are Conservatives. Before an election, anyone listening to talk on the trains would always come to the conclusion that an overwhelming Conservative victory was in prospect. The report of this and that drummer was regularly trotted out by Toronto newspapers to show which way the province was going, until information from this source became pretty well discredited by the failure of the results to make good the forecasts.

The newspapermen of Ontario are, of course, giving much of their attention nowadays to provincial politics, but the campaign promises to be a comparatively quiet one. The Liberal organs are not making any claims that their party will be returned. "We will whack Whitney" does not appear, as in the days of old, on the Globe's editorial page. The most that is claimed is that the Premier's majority will be materially reduced. This is not calculated to produce much of a fighting spirit. Josh Billings' philosophy that if a man is to jump at all, he should make up his mind to jump a mile is fairly applicable to politics.

Next month the two great parties across the line make their nominations for the Presidency. So far as one is to judge by newspaper reports, which, in cases like this are far from reliable as a rule, the pre-agents of different candidates being able to influence the channels of communication to a large extent, Secretary Taft will be the choice of the Republicans and Mr. Bryan of the Democrats. There is less doubt about the selection of the latter than about that of his prospective opponent. Governor Hughes of New York is being supported by a very strong Republican element, but it looks as if Mr. Roosevelt's influence and the elaborate organization at his back will carry the day for Mr. Taft.

While the contests preliminary to the great conventions are going on a great American, Grover Cleveland, lies upon what is believed to be his deathbed. Since going into retirement, [Mr. Cleveland] has been filling a most useful though not very conspicuous place in the life of the nation. His speeches on great academic occasions, for instance, have been masterpieces in their way and have exerted a wide influence.

The Western Federation of Miners has vindicated itself by terminating the services of William D. Haywood as its secretary. Whatever one thought of the verdict in the trial at Boise city which acquitted Haywood of complicity in Orchard's crime, sufficient evidence was adduced to show how dangerous it was to have a man of the character of the accused in such a position of influence. We never believed that the inflammatory talk that was indulged in at the time of the trial represented the sentiment of the mass of organized labor throughout the continent. This step, now taken by Haywood's own association, confirms this opinion. In the meanwhile, Orchard, who was sentenced to death and who has used every effort to prevent the commutation of the sentence, has had it changed to imprisonment for life.

Another representative of capital, Mr. Alfred D. Bowen of San Francisco, reached Edmonton this week with a view to securing the city's street railway franchise. The general disposition in municipal circles is undoubtedly in favor of surrendering the work to private enterprise. The city needs the service and just at present it does not feel financially able to proceed with the work of providing it. But we can stand a short delay at the present stage of our growth much better than to be tied up with an agreement which will prove a future burden. The only franchise that the Saturday News would be in favor of having the city grant would be one for a short term, at the end of which we could resume control of the utility. But under present circumstances we cannot see that there is much hope of getting such terms as the city should consent to. However, there is no harm in seeing what can be done by negotiations and when we have a definite proposal before us, there will be plenty of time for criticism.

The proceedings of the Presbyterian Synod of Alberta which has been meeting in Edmonton during the past week have been followed with interest by citizens generally and particularly by the members of the church, whose affairs were under deliberation. Presbyterianism has been a strong factor in the development of the west from the earliest days and it is by no means losing the hold which it secured when Rev. Dr. Robertson was at the head of its activities on the prairies. Among those who spoke at the various Synod gatherings, were some of the strong men of the church, Rev. Principal Patrick, Rev. Principal McKay and Rev. Dr. R. P. McKay. One of the best contributions to the discussion of the Oriental problem was that made by the second-named at the meeting in Queen's Avenue church on Sunday. A pleasant feature was the reception tendered to the visitors at the First Presbyterian Church on Friday last, when among those present to extend their greetings were the Lieutenant-Governor and the Premier of the province.

The new power house at the foot of Fourth street will be erected by day labor under supervision of the city engineer. A spur line will be built to the power house from the E. Y. and P. track.

Mr. John Walter is constructing a new steamer for use on the Saskatchewan. It will be ready in the course of a few weeks.

Work on W. J. Webster's \$6,000 brick business block on First street is being proceeded with.

Alberta's First Annual Musical Festival

We talk incessantly about Albertan development and some outsiders imagine at times that the progress of which we tell exists for the most part in our imaginations. But there come occasions when we ourselves learn with a start just how far the province has travelled. In last week's Saturday News, Mr. Charles Lewis Shaw described how primitive conditions were in the little struggling settlement of a few hundred souls that was the Edmonton of twenty years ago. What a change! Two decades has brought about could not have been better illustrated than on Tuesday night, when several thousand people paid their way into the Thistle Rink and heard a chorus of some two hundred voices and an orchestra of forty pieces render a programme which would have done credit to any musical centre in America.

The concert was the climax of an enterprise which marks a new era in the musical history of this part of the west. A year or more ago, when Earl Grey inaugurated his competitors at Ottawa, Alberta was invited to send representatives. His Honor the Lieut.-Gov. called a meeting of those interested in the cause of music to consider the project. After careful discussion, the conclusion was reached that the distance to Ottawa was so great that participation was impossible. Then the happy suggestion was made that if Alberta could not compete with other provinces, she should hold a competition of her own. A committee was formed and the result was this week's festival. So heartily was the idea taken up and so well pleased is everyone with the outcome that there is now no doubt about the festival's becoming a permanent institution. Many different towns and cities were represented and there is every likelihood with the excellent showing which those from outside points made that the competitors will another year be drawn from a still wider area.

Nothing was left undone to assure the most competent judging, the work being entrusted to two well-known Winnipeg musicians, Mr. Rhys Thomas and Mr. J. W. Mathews. After two days of hard work, the following awards were made:

Senior Piano, Miss Mercer, Edmonton.
Junior Piano, Miss Blesdale, Edmonton.
Soprano, Miss Susie Marshall, Daysland.
Contralto, Miss Constance Buck, Edmonton.

Tenor, W. J. Hendra, Edmonton.
Baritone, John J. Gardner, Wetaskiwin.

Bass, Thos. E. Magee, Crossfield.
Mixed double quartett, Wetaskiwin Quartette Party led by Jackson Hanby, Edmonton.

Male Chorus, Jackson Hanby Male Chorus Party.

Male Quartette, Hendra's Male Quartette, led by W. J. Hendra.
Choir, All Saints' Choir, Edmonton, led by Vernon Barford, winning the silver shield presented by His Honor, Lieut. Governor Bulyea.

The concert on Tuesday evening was given by the massed chorus and the orchestra, both under the leadership of Mr. Vernon W. Barford, and the prize-winners in the various competitions. The audience was a very large one and demonstrated how keen popular interest was in the undertaking. The programme was a long one, but so insistent was the encore-frenz that it was well on to midnight before it was brought to a close.

Of the soloists, Mr. Hendra, was the first to be heard. As a viola soloist he has been for several years a strong favorite with Edmonton audiences, but this was practically his debut as a vocalist. He had one of the finest ballads in the language "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" as his test, his rendition of which was admirable. Miss Susie Marshall in the well known "Come unto Me" from The Messiah showed unusual power for a young singer. Mr. Gardner's singing of "Lord God of Abraham" brought an enthusiastic recall to which he responded with the ever popular "Veteran's Song." In "The Mighty Deep" Mr. Magee had excellent opportunity to display his deep, rich bass. But so far as the soloists went, the treat of the evening was reserved to the last, when Miss Constance Buck sang "O Rest in the Lord" from the Elijah, responding to an encore with Tosti's "Goodbye." The latter, in particular, she sang with rare sweetness and power and many good judges who heard her are confident that the young contralto will travel far in the world of music. It is in making such discoveries that the value of these festivals for the most part lies, while others, whom they stimulate to effort but who do not attain the same measure of success are at the same time greatly benefited.

Mr. Hendra's male quartette in "Anne Laurie," the Wetaskiwin double quartette in "The Night now is Falling," and Mr. Hanby's Male Chorus Party in "Evening Song" all rendered their respective numbers in such a manner as to make the verdict of the audience coincide with that of the judges.

The two choruses, Stainer's always beautiful "Whate'er these who have come out of great tribulation" and Barbry's "Sing to the Lord" were superb, while the male chorus "The Peasants' Wedding March," was one of the best numbers of the evening.

That so good an orchestra could be organized in so new a city as Edmonton is remarkable. Its playing of "The March of the Priests" and "Minnetto" was marked by an exuberant grace which carried all before them. An effort should certainly be made to place so excellent an organization on a permanent basis. Why do we need to bewail the fact that long railway journeys prevent great artists from paying us any but very occasional visits, when we have within our own borders the means to satisfy our greatest musical needs?

The concert was honored by the presence of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulyea, the former at the close of the programme presenting the prizes to the various winners.

The members of the chorus were: Soprano—Miss B. Astley, Mrs. F. A. Aylwin, Mrs. V. W. Barford, Mrs. A. F. Betts, Mrs. A. C. Bowman, Miss K. H. Candy, Mrs. W. H. Carter, Miss E. Case, Miss B. Chapman, Mrs. W. N. Connell, Mrs. E. H. Hope, Mrs. Crossley, Mrs. Fitz. (Continued on page 5)

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ARTISTS

Mary Walker Campbell
has installed a large Revelation
China Kiln in her studio at 288
Eighty Street, and will fire weekly
hereafter. Arrangements can be
made for special firings to suit the
convenience of patrons.

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The Saturday News

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SATURDAY, MAY 9

G. B. Shaw and Collier's.

The proprietors of Collier's
Weekly knew what most of the recipients
of the unexpected check
doubtless consider a pleasant habit,
that of giving a bonus of a thousand
dollars for the best short story published
by them in the course of a
quarter. Mr. (George) Bernard
Shaw is the latest to be honored thus,
but he has taken the affair in a
characteristically Shavian fashion
by writing as follows:

"10 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.,
11th March, 1908."

Editor Collier's:

"Dear Sir. What do you mean by
this fustianable outrage? You
send me a cheque for a thousand
dollars, and inform that it is a
bonus offered by Messrs. P. F. Col-
lier and Son for the best story re-
ceived during the quarter in which
my contribution appeared. May I
ask what Messrs. P. F. Collier and
Son expected my story to be? If it
were not the best they could get
for the price they were prepared
to pay, they had no right to insert
it at all. If it was the best, what
right have they to stamp their other
contributors publicly as inferior
when they have taken steps to se-
cure a special prize to a special
writer? And what right have they
to assume that I want to be paid
twice over for my work, or that I
am in the habit of accepting bonuses
and competing for prizes?"

"Waiving all these questions for a
moment, I have another one to put
to you. How do Messrs. P. F. Col-
lier and Son know that my story
was the best received during the
quarter? Are they posterity? Are
they the Verdict of History? Have
they even the very doubtful quali-
fication of being professional critics?"
"I had better break this letter off
lest I should be betrayed into ex-
pressing myself as strongly as I feel.
I return the cheque. If you see
fit to use it for the purpose of erect-
ing a tombstone to Messrs. P. F.
Collier and Son, I shall be happy to
contribute the epitaph, in which I
shall do my best to do justice to
their monstrous presumption.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) G. BERNARD SHAW."

Collier's prints the letter but he
trays just a trifle too much irritation
over what most people will consider
simply "just like Shaw." It says:
"Happy Mr. Shaw, at one stroke
thus to dislodge your mind of its
Olympian scorn and your purse of
our unweelcome thousand. To what
noble uses shall that now historic
cheque be put? Shall it go toward
the erection of a Shaw-Shakespeare
Memorial at Stratford? Or for the
foundation of the Shaw Chair of
Advertising at Oxford? Or shall
we lay it against the day when our
impatient readers clamor for
more Shaw and we are compelled
to publishers again to pay a special
price to a 'special writer?' How-
ever, you must be right about Aeri-
al Football. The New Game. The
awarding of that offensive thousand
to your story was a mistake. It
will not occur again. The respon-
sible readers for that quarter were
out of town, and the verdict lay
with the Sporting Editor, who hap-
pened to be a devotee of Football, a
Vegetarian, a Socialist, a Mis-
anthrope, a Misogynist, in short, a
true disciple of the incomparable
G.B.S. You will be glad to know
that the young man has been dis-
carded, and that a portion of that
contemned 'bonus' will be devoted
to the support of his family and his
own education in a correspondence
school of advertising."

On the Edge of the World

Somewhere away up in the north
country there is a man who could
straighten out the kinks in this
story, but he is not writing for the
papers.

It may be that in the long night-
less days of the coming summer
this copy of The Telegram may
come into his hands and he will
smile, but he will not say a word.
He will preserve the Great Silence
of the North.

Austin Bedford was not a silent
man or a seeker after silent places
when Manitoba's capital found
itself, and then grew unduly excited
over the discovery. Bedford was a
man that rarely affected the society
of his kind in those days even if his
wasn't altogether the most likable
in the world. But the boom in real
estate gave him opportunities which
well regulated Monte Carlo could
never give, that the billiard balls of
French sporting places denied and he
wasn't discovered until the boom
was over and then by a woman.
When that woman died, Bedford will
return. At present the woman is
in a remarkably good state of health
and at least fifteen years younger
than Bedford. The chances are,
therefore, that he will continue as a
perfunctory free trader in furs on
the fringe of the Arctic ocean, until
the end of his little chapter of the
Book of Life, and this story will
not be revised, amended or edited.

Bedford was an Englishman.
There were no objections to him on
that ground, if it were not that his
nationality was used by him as his
chief asset in business and social ex-
pression in Winnipeg.

Of good presence and better family,
Austin Bedford might have
never found it necessary to seek the
seclusion that the Arctic Circle
grants, and might have become an
ostensibly respectable member of
Winnipeg's social world without an
over-burdening number of friends
if it were not for two things, the
wrong woman and Dublin Dan.
Either of these at a crucial moment
lead to further complications in the
entangled life.

Whether it is that Bedford blames
the woman or blames Dublin Dan,
as he sits reflectively on the sunny
side of an Arctic iceberg, these days
waiting for the return of the
Esquimaux hunters and fishermen
with their winter's catch, is neither
here nor there. He probably merely
looks upon the imprudence as
more incidents that affected the cur-
rent of his career. He seldom al-
lowed his thoughts to travel far
from himself. And this is how it
came about.

"It was wan of those nights you
read about," said Dublin Dan the
other evening, probing into his for-
getful memory, "wan of those nights
that the eastern humorists in the
papers say that Manitobans don't
feel. And 'twas the only night I
ever gave a customer away and I
didn't know it. I was trying
my best to live up to the asser-
tions of the optimist, and the rule estate
boys by switchin' my ar'ouns in a
buffalo overcoat, I think, and a
coatskin cap over my ears and
moosekin moccasins at the corner
of Main street and Portage avenue.
The thermometer over the
forensic drug store was stuck in
'hard to get through the bottom
of the bull, the stame from the
blanketed horses was risin' in a
cloud in the clear moonlight, and
the stars looked as if they'd been
frozen stiff in the heavens. I
was thinkin' of turnin' in as it was
after midnight, when I heard the
crisp, crackling walk of some one
in a hurry comin' along Main street
from the north."

"Cab, there," he shouted. And
in half a second I had whisked the
blankets off and had rolled up beside
him on the pavement. "The late
C.P.R. train from the south will go
out in three quarters of an hour,"
says he. "I want you to go up to
mentioning a number and a
street, or rather to within half a
block of it on the opposite side of
the street, in the shadow, a baby
will get in. Come back here, pick
me up and then drive right to the
station."

"And that's just what I did," and
a curious smile gathered on the lips
of the Irishman whom Winnipeg
has known for nearly thirty years.
"I drove up to within half a block
and in the shadow, threw open
myself and looked right at the
know there was something doin' in
the way of an elopement and elopin'
young ladies don't want to be sur-
prised and lost time with the un-
closing of back doors in the neigh-
borhood of pursin' relatives."

"I felt sort of sorry for the young
woman, for we hadn't known her
than our prayers," continued Dublin
Dan, lapsing into the sentimental
comment that was dear to his Celtic
nature, "and I knew Bedford, a
middle-aged, good-looking fellow,
a man that played cards too well to
be honest and always travelled with
younger men than himself. I knew
him, and I was not settin' the
world straight in them days or run-
nin' a matrimonial agency on high
ideals. I was drivin' a hack."
"The strait was still as a Tip-
perary grave-yard on Twelfth
night," continued Dan, "when
crunch, crunch, came the sound of

the footsteps of a woman. How did
I know they were the footsteps of
a woman? Sure, I'm Irish. She
stopped before me. Wrapped in
furs from head to foot I could not
tell who she was. When she first
smoke, her soft English tongue
rather dazed me, but I remembered
that Canadian girls sometimes sat
up late at night cultivating the
English accent so when she asked
me in a purrin' sort of way, 'Is this
Mr. Bedford's cab?' I said 'it is,
ma'am, jump right in.' And she
did that as if she had been used to
elopin' all her days."

"Still, all the same," continued
Dublin Dan, "I felt sorry for the
chances the young woman was takin'
and my innocent part in the matter
as I drove on down, and felt stronger
than ever that I should have gone in
for preachin' instead of back-
drivin'."

"He was standin' at the corner
fall in the moonlight as I whirled
up. I got down, threw open the
back door, and he was dashin' in
when the moonlight fell full on the
woman's face. He staggered as if
struck and I could hear him mutter
you."

"Exactly, Austin, my boy," and
there was a rasping bitterness in
the woman's voice that the soft
English modulation did not hide. A
trip across the Atlantic had caught
you in the nick of time. You ruined
one woman's life and sent her to a
living hell and you were about to
try it on again. Knowing you as I
do, and your little ways, two days
in Winnipeg was enough to prepare
me for the story of tonight. Now,
back you come with me, for I have
the proofs of that old forgery of
yours, and the lights of Pearlydilly
seemed to be shining on the face
that showed the lines of a sin-
gled life while mocking hate glit-
tered in the eyes, you will live my
life on this earth or you will leave it."

"And begorra!" continued Dan.
There was the interruption of a tele-
phone call. "Yes, ma'am! At
4:30 sharp without fail. The dappled
greys, sure, and a safe driver."
And with the story teller's gift,
Dublin Dan concluded in a char-
acteristic sentence. "And begorra!
he can't go much further without
stoppin' off the curb for she's run
him right to the edge of it." Charles
Lewis Shaw in Winnipeg
Telegram.

What a Newspaper Costs.

London, the world's biggest city,
is none more without a penny Li-
beral morning paper. "The Trib-
une," founded just over two years
ago, ceased publication with its
issue of February 7th. It was started
on January 15th, 1906, by Mr.
Franklin Thomasson who is M.P.
for Leicester as a morning paper
supporting the principles of Liber-
alism and social reform. The Trib-
une did not fail for want of talent,
either on its editorial or its business
side. The men who had control of
the journal were of high reputation
as journalists and business men re-
spectively.

There is a moral to be learnt in
the demise of this newspaper, which
is very well expressed in the val-
ueless notice that appeared in its
last issue. Its editor says: "No
newspaper nowadays can hope to es-
tablish itself as a commercial suc-
cess in less than three or more years.
It is a question of slow growth and
steady upbuilding. The railway
must be built before the revenue for
dividends can be obtained. The Trib-
une has encountered difficulties in
the process of building to which the
capital at its disposal is not equal,
and the extraordinary financial
situation of the past year has made
the provision of sufficient further
capital impossible. Its conductors
do not see their way to the capital
necessary to carry on the paper dur-
ing the necessary period of build-
ing, although the end of that period
and the ultimate success of the pa-
per is in sight. So it has been
decided to discontinue publishing
the paper while there are still
ample funds in hand to meet all li-
abilities. We need hardly say that
the Tribune will, of course, meet its
legal obligations in full."

The case of the Tribune is, in
fact, a forcible example of the im-
mense difficulties that it has in the
way of the successful establishment of
a newspaper. Its proprietors admit a
dead loss upon the venture of a
million and a quarter dollars, but
the exact figure is probably work-
out higher than that. Quite re-
cently additional capital was raised
in America but even this did not
prevent the failure. It is rather a
significant point that London, with
its many newspapers, and with a
Liberal Government sitting at West-
minster, has not a single penny
Liberal morning journal, while the
Conservatives have at least three
well-established organs in this class.
Apparently, the average Britisher
thinks one cent quite enough to pay
for his daily paper—of the Liberal
profession, anyway. Canadian Cur-
rier.

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Originally whisky was made from
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pot-still.

To-day whisky is made from cereal
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produce an inferior cheap grade of
whisky. The choicest whisky, still pro-
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teret sing, "Where is
My Boy Tonight?"
and "O that Will Be
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and other sacred
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Sistine Choirs?

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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



The early riser in Edmonton these days may see an unusual sight, that of young athletics in scant attire pounding along the streets, giving every indication of having gone a long distance. The explanation is that cross-country running is taking a strong hold in this part of the country, thanks largely to the Y.M.C.A., and that Longbent and Sherring may soon have more than one serious rival in Alberta. On May 24th the Marathon race for Alberta will start at the Alberta Hotel, Edmonton, and finish in front of the grand stand at the Fort Saskatchewan games, to which everyone has looked forward to on this particular holiday for so many years. The original intention was to have this race take place at Calgary, with the other contests for the Olympic games, but Mr. E. A. Walker, M.P.P., has been responsible for bringing it north. Some four or five runners, at least, from the south will compete. A cup valued at \$100 is offered as the first prize, a medal of the value of \$35 as the second and one of \$15 as the third. The winner will have the privilege of competing in the race at Toronto, by the result of which the Dominion's representation at the Olympic games in Britain will be chosen. The rewards should be sufficient to stir the ambition of every young athlete. There is no finer sport than distance running, and its development in Alberta would be a fine thing in every respect for athletics in general.

The Calgary Caledonians have again shown their mettle, retaining the People's Shield, emblematic of the Canadian soccer football championship, after a series of hard games at the coast. Two tie games were played with the Vancouver Thistles, and then to everyone's surprise, the Caledonians romped away with the third game by 7-0. Scotch grit and staying power tell all right. Lady Smith next went down before the Albertans by 2-1, while the game Nanaimo ended the series and clinched the championship for another year. The Caledonians stand for what is best in Canadian sport and are entitled to the warmest congratulations on their success. Dr. G. A. Ings, whose faith in the team has never faltered and whose enthusiasm has been a strong factor in bringing them to the front, should be proud of the result of his efforts.

Douglas McInnes of Strathearn, Canada's crack athlete in 1907, left for the Old Land last week, to take part in the Holey meet, where his admirers are confident that he will do himself and the country proud.

An Ottawa despatch says: "Ottawa Rowing club will have the services of Wilf. Poupst, a former member of the champion four, again this season. Poupst, who has been west for the past couple of years, will be home for the summer and will get busy with the Ottawas. Poupst who is one of the crack oarsmen of the Dominion, has been studying law at Edmonton and will arrive here in June and go back west towards the end of August."

Mr. Poupst has been a student in the office of Short, Cross and Biggar. Last fall he was one of the best forwards on the Edmonton rugby football line-up.

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We need the room for
other lines
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18 Jasper Avenue East

The Life of the Seed

Few things look more dead than the seeds when we trust them to the dead earth. What hint of life is there in the iron shroud of a date stone or thin husk of dust of grass seed?

Even some grown things are dead in all semblance. Take the lichen on a stone, grey and green as a mineral and brittle as rotten wood. The patch will remain motionless as a stone through all its vicissitudes, for periods reckoned by some to be as long as 1,000 years; but then will awake and grow as if it had been planted last autumn.

Not less remote from seeming life is the unshown corn grain, which may lie for unknown centuries as dead as the mummy case in which it is housed, and is ready to grow hot and active as a lump of unshaken lime at a touch of moisture. You would say that the renewed activity of each was but due to a chemical combination. But what a world apart are the mystery of the commonest growth and the highest marvel of elemental activities.

Germs of growth there are of all sorts: seeds, proper, of every shape and structure, bulbs which are compressed packets of leaves; root-stocks; fruits; and so on through long lists; but we may speak of them all as seeds in relation to the life that comes out of them when autumn's

Sister of the spring shall blow Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth. THE KINSHIP OF SEEDS WITH TREES.

It is stricter science to call them all seeds today than it was this time a year ago. In the course of the study of growth one of the most original of our investigators has come to see that the restarting of a root is almost the same thing as the first growth of a seed. The root of a transplanted tree has to go through the same vitalising process; to feel in itself the same stirring of spring desires, and to make the same endeavours to grow downward and send sap upward. Where trees grow at once on replanting, they grow like a bulb in water from their own stores—they extend, that is, rather than develop.

The comparison of the root and the seed is natural enough when the nature of the seed is discovered. A bean seed is already a complete plant; it does not so much change in nature as alter in size, and the only rejected portion is the hermetic case enclosing it. The two halves into which it easily divides are already leaves, neither more or less made fat and fleshy in order that they may supply nourishment to the organism. The hinge of these twin leaves is a structure that contains system and a root as perfect in their way as the chestnut flower that already within the sticky rind and flannelly wrappings of the buds fitted with all the lights that will presently hang a complete candleabra of light in full vision.

INSTINCT IN ROOTS.

The root is already equipped with that quality of instinct that outlasts even the bee. You cannot by any trick turn a rootlet from its duty of self-preservation. It needs water, and will make for it always by the directest course. Stop its path with a stone, it will go the nearest way round and continue by the nearest crervice whatever new barriers are in its way towards this bourne. You cannot compel a root, so sensitive it is to gravity, to turn upwards; just as you cannot make the bud take any path that is not upwards, so repellent of gravity is it.

All study of root-growth, indeed of seed-growth, suggests instinct, and the parallel with the instinct of insects is curiously close. I may work out one comparison, from instances in the two kingdoms, between a grain of corn in one, a solitary bee in the other.

The grain has two parts; the small germ which is to be the plant is at one end. All the rest is pure starch, off which the plant is to feed when growth begins. When the plant is above the soil and able to feed itself from sun and soil the food store is exhausted. Now, consider the commonest of the solitary bees. You will notice in late spring little heaps of soil about the garden

beds, heaps that some lusty shoot might be raising up. But there will presently emerge from the heap not a white-tipped shoot, but the dusty head of the little red bee. How did it grow out of the soil? The egg was soon devoured; about the egg the mother bee wrapped a store of honey bread, from which at the first change and stir of new life the seedling bee was to feed in the spring. When the food was taken it started upward, and by the time the air was warm enough to support life it emerged from the top. In autumn, before it withers, it will deposit another fertilized egg in the soil, and the crop will be perpetuated. Could any life histories be more nearly parallel?

HELPED BY MICROBES.

No division exists between the animal and vegetable kingdom. To the starting of the seed on its growth there goes the agency of a thousand tiny creatures, each of them, for it is claimed both by botanists and biologists. Before growth the seed-case is probably attacked and the life released by microbes in the soil. By surrounding the seed with a culture of these little organisms which are amphibious to two kingdoms you can make it sprout, as it were, immediately. It does not seem that their agency is necessary to the process, for I have recently seen plants growing finely in perfectly sterilised soil; but their help, it is claimed, that a crop of beans may be raised to completion in a few weeks.

These subjects are at this moment deeply concerning many investigators. They have just made the discovery that seeds have, so to speak, inherited constitutions. The grain of certain sunny harvests is found to keep its fertility unimpaired, or little impaired, by the lapse of years. On the other hand, wheat, from a sunless harvest, so it is proved, is stone dead after two or three years.

Every child should watch seeds grow for the sake not so much the science and the first form of original research as for the glimpse of the mystery of renewed life. The spearhead of the daffodil lifts a corner of the veil. The acorn or the mustard will show from day to day the parts of the seed become visible, the white leaves become green leaves, the hinge becomes shaft and root, all parts asserting their epiphany and sucking in the new life. The white corpse-like vans of the seed leaves give place to the green leaves, whose colour is the symbol of life, is indeed the very lifeblood in plant beings. They come into the light of day like Shelly's angel, Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings.

The gold of the sun becomes, by the universal art of alchemy, the green of the leaf, a single, restful, hopeful band of spectrum light, in which, when English springs with us, we can find as keen a hope as the world reposes on the coloured arch of the rainbow. W. Beech Thomas in London Mail.

DOMINION EXHIBITION

Calgary, Alberta

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TO
JULY 9TH
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Stay With the Farm.

It is good advice to any strong, active, and intelligent farmer's son, to stay with the farm. To the young man with a strong decided penchant for some other particular calling, it is probable that this advice might be a mistake, but to the thousands of young men of today, who, filled with ambition, and superfluous energy, looking for some sphere of action which will give both scope and gratification to their ambition, who are looking for anything which promises to be better than the calling in which they have been bred, the very best course is to stay right on the farm, and use their energies to make it hum. They will tell you the farm is a dull place to live, and they are tired of it. They long for a larger and wider sphere. Then that is the place where energy and action will tell to the best advantage. The profession of agriculture is widening and enlarging at the present day, as is no other calling in the world. The up-to-date farmer is advancing to the front with gigantic strides. He is becoming recognized as something far more than a clod-hopper, and he is fast gaining a front place in the country which other classes have got to make for him. Most of the rich city men are now quite proud to be the owners of a farm, and Canada's leading statesmen, and giants of commerce, regard their farms as the possessions of which they are most proud.

Among the farmers of Canada today are to be named such men as Sir Wm. Mulock, ex-Minister-General of the Dominion of Canada, Sir Geo. Drummond, the well-known financier, for years president of the Bank of Montreal; Mr. Ogilvie, founder of the gigantic flour milling company of that name; Sir Wm. Van Horne, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company; Senator W. C. Edwards, the lumber king of the Ottawa, and many other prominent in the country's affairs. The late Timothy Eaton, founder of the T. Eaton Co., was as enthusiastic over his farm as he knew how to be over his departmental store. J. J. Hill, of Canadian Northern fame, also loves his farm and he has made an ideal spot of it. The late W. E. H. Massey, of the Massey-Harris Co., was an enthusiastic farmer. Every year sees additions to Canada's list of farmer-merchants and business men. One day, and that not a distant day, the hall mark of the agricultural profession will be among the foremost ones recognized as truly representative of solidity.

And there are possibilities in it for the best brains and energy that humanity can boast. The calling is no longer one of a lowly estate. All that skill and ability elsewhere it can accomplish in an equality in attainments on the farm.

Examples are not wanting. It is now some eighteen years since the present Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Nelson Monteith, graduated from the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. His room-mate was G. A. Brodie, now a farmer residing near Stratford, Ont. Both these men, after finishing their college course, returned to the farm, applying themselves actively to their chosen calling. The history of Hon. N. Monteith is well known, and his successful career so far needs no eulogium, further than to say that his calling to the present responsible capacity was a case of the office seeking the man, and that, already, had it been otherwise, something would have been lost to agricultural interests in Ontario. Had the call been made to the other one, it would probably have been made in vain, but his case is not the less striking. After graduating, and owing only three hundred dollars in the world, he rented a one hundred-acre farm near Stratford, Ont. Since that time he has lived his active life, farmer and a thorough one, noted for his work in improved seeds and grains; stockman, the owner and importer of Shortboms, Clydesdales and Yorkshire swine, his whole study for progress and improvement. His systematic and accurate in his dealings, he has kept a record of all his farming operations, of his financial transactions, and his experiments.

His annual inventory shows how well it paid, for at the end of fifteen years a fair, plain valuation of assets show that he was easily worth \$15,000. Since that time heavier operations have brought increased

returns, and figures, but while they are of more attractive proportions, are not so interesting as were those of his early days. During this time he has had exactly the same conditions to contend with which other farmers have. Each record showed in what manner they had to be faced.

Some day the story of this fifteen years' experience will be published, and others may read and take knowledge.

Other instances of what can be done are not lacking in number, but they are no limit to the records of success which the future holds for others in store. It is good advice for young men to stay on the farm. The days of main strength and awkwardness are passing, and the coming age is the age of the farmer, which will confer upon him the place and class repute to which modern advancement and the triumph of his profession entitles him.

There are many sides to the agricultural life which appeal to the natural taste and inclinations of any young man. The study of the science of agriculture opens a field for research of the most absorbing interest. The science of the calling, even from the principles of drain age, the general system of operating the farm, the study of plant life and how best to direct it; the live stock with their peculiarities, their habits, and their characteristics, are all things which one will learn to appreciate and to love.

The farm which is run along the best lines is not the farm which sends the boys to the city or to far fields in other lands. The farm where the best live stock is kept, where the boy learns to tend them well, to show them in competition with his neighbors, or against the best in the land, can usually hold the children, which were bred upon it. It is the home where all the labor and the slavery is exaggerated, and all that is tasteful and pleasant is eliminated, which grows the discontented son. The farm where things are never done well, and where time or money is not spent to get the best results, will make discontented children every time. A shop or factory run on the same lines would send them away more quickly, for it would not last so long. Weekly Sun.

We Can Grow Apples

H. Sharp, who has about 3000 young apple trees in his nursery on the hill east of town, is greatly pleased at the way the young stock has come through the winter. Some of the trees are four years old and they stood the cold weather splendidly. Some stock shipped north to Vermilion and other places the past few days could not be surpassed by the finest Ontario trees. The buds were just bursting and the winter seemed to have had no effect on them whatever. Mr. Sharp has a number of well-known varieties of apples and he claims they are all doing well. Home grown stock may solve the great problem of fruit growing for Alberta, and Red Deer should feel justly proud of the success. Mr. Sharp has met with all along this line. Red Deer News.

The Ranchman's Message

(Heine Up-to-date.)
Come here, you Greaser, Chief, you,
And saddle up Black Boss;
And ride like hell to Gilna ranch.
Get there, two hours or less.
Use spurs and quirt, nor spare the horse.
Get there by nine at least;
Get there and find the truth for me.
Get there or kill the beast.
Ride hard, as if the Rangers were
A rifle-shot behind.
And find for me which girl it is
Before I'm out of mind.
Find out which girl will wed tonight
The tenderfoot that's here.
And if it be the older one
Stick spurs into the mare.
But if it be the younger one,
No need to hector back.
Just hope along, and hand to me
My gun from off the rack.
Then go, the ranch is yours, and all
My cattle grazing near.
I'll need them not, where I shall go
"Across the range from here."
F. M. Stuart in Richmond Times Dispatch.



A Spring Tonic GRAYDON'S SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND WITH IODIDES

This medicine is scientifically prepared by the latest methods known to pharmacy. It purifies the blood, renovates the system, and restores loss of appetite. 100 full doses in each bottle for \$1.00.

GET A MOTH BAG FOR THAT FUR COAT

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An Alberta Farmer's Crop

The following letter, showing the result of last year's grain crops, has been received by Mr. J. Obed Smith, Assistant Superintendent of Emigration, from Mr. L. H. Jeloff, whose farm is situated at Spring Coulee, Alberta:

"I had this year (1907) 2 1/2 acres in crop, 180 acres of wheat, 8 acres of barley, and 25 acres of oats. My average yield of oats to the acre was 35 bushels, wheat 52 bushels, and barley 20 bushels. The value to me per acre was: Wheat, \$14.21; oats, \$19.25; barley, \$16.50. The value per acre to me last year (1906) was: Wheat, \$18; oats, \$13; barley, \$11. The highest price obtained by me this year or for any of my grain was: Wheat, 67cts per bushel; oats, \$1.05 per hundred; barley, per hundred, \$1.10. The above is based on value of wheat, oats, and barley offered to me or sold by me at threshing time for October 1 to November, not to the high prices offered me for seed purposes on grain reserved for that use. I had a small piece of land on same farm planted to 'Khankoff' wheat, a Russian variety of hard winter wheat, which yielded 63.6 bushels per acre, but as I am holding it for seed have not quoted its value per acre."

La Patrie's New Building.

An event of considerable importance in the Eastern Canadian newspaper world was the opening of the new building of La Patrie in Montreal on April 20th. It has a frontage of 75 feet on St. Catherine street, a depth of 91 feet, and is six stories in height, in addition to a basement and sub-basement. It is built of light Indiana limestone on a foundation of Stansfeld granite.



The main, or St. Catherine Street entrance, is in the form of a broad, high arch, occupied by a wide doorway crowned by rich ornamental iron grill work. The distinctive feature of the whole structure is the abundant provision made for supplying a most liberal amount of natural light to every part of the interior. The front of the building, alone, facing St. Catherine Street, contains no fewer than 61 very large windows, in addition to the doors of the main entrance, which are principally of plate glass.

La Patrie has enjoyed a decade of uninterrupted progress, leading up to the occupation of its present building. It will be interesting to note to what extent the expectations of those who predict greater things during the next ten years, will be fulfilled.

New Company Formed.

TWO BIG FIRMS CONSOLIDATE TO REDUCE PRICES

Toronto, April 30th. The Canadian Gazette of April 25th announces the incorporation of a company to be known as "Copeland-Chatterton, Crain, Limited," of Toronto, capitalized at one million dollars.

What the experience of a year has demonstrated to the People of Edmonton



WELVE months ago the past month, the News Publishing Company entered the general printing business. Previous to that time, The Saturday News had been printed by contract. When we decided to instal our own plant it was with the declared object of giving the paper the best typographical appearance of any paper in the west, and at the same time turning out general job printing that could not be excelled in this part of the country. Most complete and up-to-date machinery was purchased and none but experts were employed on our mechanical staff. As a proof of the success we have met with in carrying out our plans, we have only to refer to the Saturday News, as it has been issued week after week, and to the large and ever increasing body of those who entrust their printing to our hands.

Every bit of work that has been sent out has been an advertisement which has brought us additional custom and to-day on our mechanical staff we have twice the number of those employed a year ago.

When you want a piece of job printing done to your satisfaction and delivered at the time that it is promised to you, drop in at

THE HOME OF FINE PRINTING

HOWARD STREET (Back of the Bank of Montreal)
or TELEPHONE 418

and our representative will call upon you.

The News Publishing Company

Alberta's First Annual Musical Festival.

(Continued from page 1)

gerald, Miss J. Forsyth, Mrs. C. Freeze, Miss A. Good, Miss M.E. Gowan, Miss A. Grant, Miss M. Greenwood, Mrs. H. F. Hamilton, Miss M. Hammond, Miss T. Harris, Miss J. Harris, Miss E. A. Heathcote, Miss A. M. Hetherington, Mrs. J. Howie, Mrs. H. D. Hughes, Miss M. Hutton, Mrs. J. C. Ironsides, Mrs. St. G. Jellet, Miss M. Lankin, Miss C. H. Lauder, F. McRimmon, Miss A. McDonald, Miss D. McDonald, Miss W. McDonald, Miss G. B. McIntosh, Miss C. B. McLeod, Miss F. McQuarrie, Miss E. Montgomery, Miss S. Montgomery, Miss I. Moore, Miss A. Meade, Mrs. A. A. Murray, Mrs. W. Pratt, Miss A. Reif, Miss A. Reeves, Miss G. Reeves, Miss F. E. Ross, Miss M. Richardson, Mrs. W. Saigoon, Miss I. K. Sheppard, Mrs. K. B. Spratt, Miss A. H. Stork, Miss E. M. Tate, Mrs. J. H. Thamer, Miss L. Tucker, Miss G. Tuttle, Miss A. E. Yuill.

Also: Miss L. M. Ashwell, R. Battick, R. Beals, L. Blaney, C. Buck, K. Cameron, K. Cheung, E. Crawford, M. Fraser, D. Gifford, S. Harris, V. Johnson, J. Morris, D. Newton, W. Protheroe, T. D. Stewart, L. Umbach, Mrs. H. Astley, J. St. C. Blacket, G. E. Ellis, A. Filiger, E. H. Garrison, J. J. Hartley, R. Hoekley, R. J. Munson, J. A. McMullan, Morton, W. J. Rolfe, S. Williams, Yuill, Messrs A. Frost, R. Yates.

Tenors: Messrs A. Blumner, R. W. Day, C. W. Davies, F. T. Fisher, J. A. Hallier, Jackson Hanby, S. J. Harris, H. W. Heathcote, J. W. Hinds, D. Humphries, J. Jamieson, G. W. Jones, W. Jones, W. Krakenhagen, S. Lewthwaite, W. C. Marshall, T. V. Miki, W. C. Moretti, A. R. Mitchell, A. A. Murray, A. J. Macdonald, E. E. Nutt, G. H. Senior, E. H. Shewell, J. L. Studholme, F. Urquhart, W. S. Warne, M. Wollentarsk, A. O. Whitmore, M. S. Williamson, A. D. Wilson, Dr. Gillespie, Dr. A. A. Nieholts.

Basses: Messrs S. B. Ash, E. Bergan, E. Berry, S. E. Bolton, C. B. Bowman, S. W. E. Candy, E. J. Casley, C. G. Carter, W. H. Carter, W. H. Clark, C. E. Cope, C. R. Douglas, C. Freeze, T. R. Freeze, N. Gilchrist, T. H. Griffiths, C. Hall, H. F. Hamilton, W. W. Howe, J. Jones, R. Jones, A. M. Lamond, J. N. Laing, S. Larue, E. Ledgard, H. Marsden, W. H. Morris, D. McCorkindale, G. McDonald, Alfred McIsaac, A. B. McKenzie, F. Niblett, N. R. Pearson, A. E. Potter, J. Prest, W. Richardson, J. W. Roberts, C. Smith, H. Stuchbury, T. H. Turner, J. T. Valpy, R. T. Williamson, P. Wolf, A. Yuill, C. H. Young, Dr. A. E. Jamieson, Rev. A. S. Tuttle.

The following composed the orchestra:

Orchestra: First Violins—Miss M. E. Day, Miss B. Phillips, Miss E. Webster, Messrs F. Darinont, J. W. McCusker, S. D. McElmerid, A. E. Nash, J. C. Park, J. T. Richardson, R. B. Telfer, A. R. Valcourt, Mrs. J. M. Thom.

Second Violins Messrs E. H. Cope, R. F. Coulter, H. Fairbanks, G. Holden, A. McCurdy, F. D. Shanks, W. D. Skinner, G. H. Walker.

Violas Dr. C. N. Cobbett, Mr. W. J. Hendra.

Violoncellos Messrs H. Astley, C. Jones, C. Lagourque, J. C. McCaughey.

Basses Messrs C. W. Willis, J. C. McDonald.

Flutes Messrs A. E. Hutton, C. H. Siga.

Clarinettes Messrs E. M. Papad, E. R. Dakin, C. Morgan.

Bassons Mr. H. W. Dakin.

Corsets Messrs T. G. Bourgeois, W. Shanks.

Horns Messrs H. G. Turner, H. J. Clark.

French Horn Mr. W. Bowles.

Drums Mr. G. Watkins.

Piano Mr. G. H. Phillips.

The executive committee of the festival to whom the warmest congratulations are due on the outcome of their efforts were: Vernon W. Barford, chairman, M. D. Silas, secretary, T. H. Griffiths, treasurer, Miss Jean Forsyth, Howard Stuchbury, Jackson Hanby, D. Humphries, H. Woodland, J. H. Bell, W. J. Hendra, Alfred McIsaac. Mr. Barford conducted the chorus and orchestra in response to the request of Mr. Thomas, who was expected to do so. The manner in which everything passed off under his baton demonstrated once more how fortunate Edmonton is to have so thorough a musician as one of its citizens.

Mr. George H. Thompson, junior secretary of the Y.M.C.A. has resigned to take up a college course in Pittsburgh. His successor is Mr. Milton W. Harlow, who has been a resident of the city for a year and is already in close touch with Y.M.C.A. work.

Mr. J. M. Swiggert, the well known fur-trader, discredits the report of the finding of gold at Great Slave Lake.

Miss Richardson at Little's fancy work store is showing some very pretty stamped designs for embroidered hats, parasols, blouses, corset covers, cosies, collars, etc.

In spite of the protests of Col. Edwards, K.C., solicitor for Constable Harris, that the latter had already shown his hand in calling his witnesses and was therefore not being given a square deal, the Strathcona Council, instead of proceeding with the investigation of the police charges, decided to refer them to a judge. Mr. Justice Scott commenced the work of investigation on Wednesday.

The Oriental Trading Co. will give a free demonstration of a special blend of pure China tea at their rooms on Saturday. This tea has a delicious flavor and differs greatly to the ordinary kinds. This firm is also showing some exclusive designs in hand-embroidered silk and linen dress patterns in various shades.

Your garden is now engaging your attention. Our assistance is necessary to make it a success. We have an excellent stock of bedding plants grown from seeds of superior quality. Asters, pansies, stocks, verbenas, etc.; only 25 cents per dozen; geraniums, \$2 per dozen. Window boxes made and filled for \$1 per foot; hanging baskets from \$11 to \$15; cabbage plants, 50 cts per 100; cauliflower, \$1 per 100. Orders are coming in fast. Walter Ramsey, Florist, 628 Victoria Ave.

The Toronto Millinery Store at 143 Jasper west, is placing on sale for Saturday only a very special line of trimmed hats at greatly reduced prices. These hats regularly sold at \$8 and \$10, but Saturday buyers can secure them at \$3.50 to \$5. The early customers will have the choice of a large selection to choose from, so don't delay.

IMPORTANT Auction Sale
367 Third Street

Second house South of McKay Avenue. (Next to Edmonton laundry.)

MITCHELL & REID have received instructions from owner, who is leaving Edmonton, to sell by public auction ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT RESERVE.

Thursday, May 14th
at 2 o'clock prompt.

Nearly new Household Furnishings and effects.
Comprising Golden Oak Extension Dining Table, set of Oak Dining Room chairs, Oak sideboard with hand carved panels, Oak centre and occasional tables, Mahogany jar-diere statue, Mahogany China cabinet with frosted glass doors, Mahogany music cabinet, Mahogany hand carved frame drawing room set upholstered in silk brocade, oak rocker upholstered in Spanish leather, Walnut centre table, Extension brass piano lamp, Mahogany window chair, massive oak hall stand (hand carved panels), rugs, linen ward carpets, lounge upholstered in velvet, Singer sewing machine, rockers, tapestry, carpets, books, oak combination secretary and book case, brass mounted bedsteads, springs, Ostermoor mattress, walnut dressers and stands, oak bedstead, kitchen cabinet, Happy Thought range with hot water attachments, electric light fittings, wringer garden tools, China, glass, kitchen utensils. On view Wednesday and day of sale.

The auctioneers wish to draw the attention of the public to the above superior furniture.

Mitchell & Reed AUCTIONEERS
Phone 367 Jasper Ave. East

AUCTION SALES
WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS at Capital Hotel and Sales Barn, opposite Castle Hotel, 2nd St.

The only place in town to handle stock right. Large yard and corral and lots of stabling. Farm and furniture sales at special rates.

LOUGHRAN & CO. AUCTIONEERS
171 Queen's Ave. Phone 157

BORN

Riddell—In Edmonton, Monday, May 4, to the wife of Rev. Dr. Riddell, a son.
Macdonald—On the 2nd inst., at 228 Ottawa avenue, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Macdonald, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Morris—Hope. At All Saints', Broadway, Winnipeg, on Monday, April 27th, by the Rev. F. C. C. Heathcote, Cecilia M. Hope (Arnpur) to Sidney W. Morris, both of the Robert Ganthony Company, late of Edmonton. Witnesses Mr. Robert Ganthony and Miss Hazel Stanmore.

The PALM Refreshment and Ice Cream Parlors

139 JASPER AVENUE WEST
Edmonton.

H. J. ROBERTS
Proprietor

Oriental Trading Company

We invite the Ladies of Edmonton to try a cup of our CHOICE CHINA TEA, on Saturday, 9th inst., from 3.30 to 10 p.m.

This tea is specially prepared for us and has a flavour which cannot be excelled.

It costs you nothing to inspect our stock of beautiful goods. All prices extremely moderate. Quality unrivalled.

COMING!

Best Pongee Silks, Grass Linen in different colors, Silks, Kimonos, etc. and a new consignment of our beautiful Drawn Work.

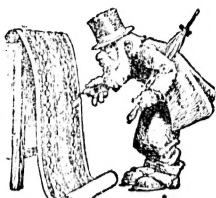
DON'T FORGET TO TRY A CUP OF OUR TEA
Saturday, 3.30 to 10 p.m.

215 Jasper Avenue W.

Next door to the Home.

HORNER'S LIVERY
PHONE 500

The Brick Barn, cor. First and Clara sts.



To see it costs nothing

Special Varieties of SWEET PEAS

ALL KINDS AND COLOURS

Pink, Rose, White, Light Red, Lavender, Blue, Purple, Dark Yellow and Orange shades.

SYMPHONY—ELEGANT ECKFORD
DION MISE E. KENYON
JESSIE CUTHBERTSON—OTHELLO
MISS WILMOTT—DOROTHY ECKFORD
DWARF CUPID—SALOPHAN
LADY GRISEL—HAMILTON
KING EDWARD VII—ROYAL ROSE
PRIMA DONNA—EMMA HENDERSON

Edmonton Seed House
POTTER & MACDOUGALL

See
C. C. THOMPSON
The Family Grocer

FOR
EVERYTHING
GOOD TO EAT

330 JASPER EAST
PHONE 149

Going East?

Please remember the convenient train service between

Edmonton & Winnipeg
via the

Canadian Northern Ry.
Lv. Edmonton daily 21.10k
Arr. Winnipeg 2nd day 11.10k

Our dining and sleeping car service will please you.



City Ticket Office
115 Jasper Avenue East

Metropolitan Ice Cream Parlors

NOW OPEN

Ice Cream, Sundaes and Summer Drinks of All Kinds

served in the delectablest manner possible. We make our own Ice Cream from pure, fresh, rich cream and finest extract of vanilla, and take particular care that every dish we sell has that delicious satisfying flavor. COOL, PLEASANT PARLORS.

THE METROPOLITAN, Cor. Queen and Elizabeth
MRS. GENEVEUX, Prop.

GRAND VIEW HEIGHTS

"The Beauty Spot" of Strathcona

Has a 100 foot avenue running along the high bank of the Saskatchewan River that will make one of the prettiest river drives to be found anywhere.

GRAND VIEW HEIGHTS overlooks the city of Strathcona and the university site, and every lot is high, dry and beautiful.

We are still offering a few of these beautiful lots for only \$100.00 each, 1-4 cash, balance in 3, 6, 9 and 12 months.

DON'T BE TOO LATE as these prices will not last long.

For sale by

L. L. PEARCE

248 Jasper East, — Edmonton
Room 7, Over Penny Arcade



H. ELDRIDGE
ADVERTISEMENT
and
GENERAL DESIGNER
ADDRESSES, GARTOONS
SHOW CARDS
POTTER & MACDOUGALL B'Y EDMONTON

Coal Coal Coal

For the next few days we will deliver coal to any address in the city for

\$3.50 PER TON

Edmonton Standard Coal Co. Ltd.

40 JASPER E.

PHONES 441 and 398

Wall Paper

IN QUANTITY, VARIETY AND VALUE
NEW GOODS AND STYLES
NEW COLORINGS AND IDEAS IN DECORATION

The only thing not high class about our magnificent collection is the price. You can buy wall paper anywhere, but if you've got to live with it be sure you're getting what you really like after its hung, we believe we've got it. To see it costs nothing, to have it costs little.

BORDERS SAME PRICE PER ROLL AS HANGINGS

THE DOUGLAS CO., LTD., Norwood Block, Edmonton

Namayo ave.

Geo. S. Armstrong
DRUGGIST, Phone 309, A
Manufacturer of cures for all kinds
of Colds, Coughs, and Throat
Diseases.
Full stock of Drugs & Medicines.
Cor. Namayo and Boyle.

Aitken Brothers
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
Phone 276.
Goods delivered to all parts of
the city.

Agar Brothers
419 Namayo. Phone 281
Hardware and Builders' Supplies.
Goods sold for cash only
at cash prices.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA
Capital and Reserve \$10,000,000

East End Branch
456 NAMAYO AVENUE
Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards
Received and Interest Allowed
A. C. Fraser, Manager

Clark & Co.
631 Namayo avenue.
Complete line of Groceries,
Confectionery, Canned Goods and
Fruits.
Goods promptly delivered.

Geheen and Burgess
229 Namayo
Machinists, Boiler Makers and
Blacksmiths
Prompt attention to all repairs

German Book Store
250 Namayo
Magazines, Picture Post Cards
and School Supplies.
Agent for Sunday News

Graham & Reid
FURNITURE DEALERS
Rugs Carpet Squares
453 Namayo Avenue

Israel Balm
Searches the vital parts and
causes no pain, it is a regular medi-
cine it cures. Sold at the real
estate office of
A. L. DERRICK, 232 Namayo

Frank Coard
405 Namayo avenue
Select Stock of High Grade
Watches
Clocks and Fine Jewelry.
Personal attention given to all
repairs. Work Guaranteed.

LaRose & Bell
FOR SALE. All classes of
Heavy and Light Horses.
Terms to suit on reasonable
security. Sales Stables.
Cor. Namayo and Rice.

Encourage your own business
street. Buy your Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Hats and Caps and
Furnishings at
Mac's Clothing Store
Cor. of Namayo and Clara.

W. Hencher
264 Namayo Ave.
A full line of Groceries, New
Groceries and Provisions.
Trial order solicited.

Abbott & Smart
VEGETABLES, FLOUR, FEED
Store the Namayo
Bran, Shorts, Flour, Cereals, Hay
and Oats, Stock foods. Vegetables
of all kinds. Wholesale and retail

D. L. McPhee, L.L.B.
Barrister and Solicitor
Insurance and Real Estate
Prompt attention to collections
and all legal transactions
417 Namayo

H. W. McDougall
BOOT and SHOE HOSPITAL
410 Namayo
Repairing of all kinds neatly and
promptly done. Work called for
and delivered to any part of city.

The C I A Boarding House
230 Namayo
Electric lighted throughout
Rooms with bath. Meals prompt
Board by day or week



Who is not a sentimentalist when
it comes to considering the days of
one's youth? How many of my
readers, for instance, do not look
back with fond recollections to those
idle times when they stole out
to some sylvan spot and sought the
companionship of these fairylike
creatures, Nick Carter, old Sleuth
and Deadwood Dick. Do they still
hold their way over the boy of
15 days? Possibly these esteemed in-
dividuals have sunk to comparative
oblivion, but I had it brought to my
notice not long since that, if they
have, others fill their places. While
rummaging in an out-of-the-way
corner of a book store I made the
acquaintance of Mr. Frank Merri-
well, from two of whose works I
take the liberty of making some ex-
tracts. Here are the opening sentences
of Slippery Sam, the secret
Service Sleuth.

"A strange metallic sound broke
the midnight silence which hung
over and about the White House.
"A well-knit youth of some twenty-
two years knelt suddenly and
placed his ear to the sidewalk.
"Arising with a keen smile, he
touched the pavement with his cane.
It swung in like a door.

"With a rather like spring, he
alighted in a narrow apartment.
It was lined with steel. The paving
stone overhead sprang shut. Ah!
"At last, Jacques Furtou, slayer
of presidents and kings, I have
found your den. We shall meet
here, at last."

"The reader will have guessed
that it was none other than our old
friend, Slippery Sam, etc., etc."

I understand that Deer Heart, the
Apache Scout, sells by thousands.
Here is a climax on one of the
pages:

"The Arizona sun was sinking
over the grey, parched plains.
"In the foreground lies a dead
horse. Behind him with his Win-
chester poisoned lies the scout.
Around him in ever-narrowing circle
ride a score of painted devils.
Deer Heart is at bay.

"Did we say at bay? Yes, he
is at bay, but he is not dead yet.
No! Deer Heart has fired even
greater odds than this.

"His iron nerves knew no thrill
of fear. In fact a smile of contempt
curled his lip as he sighted along
the barrel of True Shot, his trusty
Winchester.

"Ye Red Hounds," he snarled.
"Five weary days I have trailed ye.
Ten ranches have ye burned, but
now . . ."

With slow, steady aim he pressed
the trigger . . .

Who would not be a boy again?

A PREFERENCE.
Were I compelled to be a train
(Thank goodness, I am not),
I'd rather be a slow old thing that
runs right on the dot
Than some mouth-touted "limited"
that never saw a town
Within an hour of the time it's
scheduled to slow down.
I'd hate to have a schedule that was
honored so much

A schedule looking big in print,
but which I couldn't touch.
I'd rather have it said of me: "He's
pretty slow, but then . . ."

He's always been dependable since
now remembers when . . .
I shouldn't want to run a mile in
forty seconds, then
Fool with a hot-box for about eight
minutes, may be ten;
I shouldn't want to hear folks roar
at my loud, warbling blast
To hear them growl: "Thank good-
ness, it is whittling in, at last!"
I'd rather have them say me for my
pokeness, and say:

"Here comes old cod molasses, just
the same as yesterday.
It's schedule is so easy there's no
need to raise a trot,

There's one good thing—although so
slow, it's always on the dot."
It's sad to have the world expect a
lot of things you—

A lot of things you've promised, but
can never, never do . . .
It's tough to have folks sneer:
"Ah! The least old smartly
made"

Was certainly a false alarm—our
trust has been betrayed.
'Twere better far to estimate your
powers so you may
Not scatter broken promises along
your earthly way.

A lightning schedule's fine if you
can make it, but if not,
Far better to be a local train that
always on the dot.
—Strickland W. Gillilan.

The Russian Premier's daughter
was married the other day. When
Mr. Stolypin last had a gay assem-
bly at his house, it will be remem-
bered, an uninvited guest appeared,
who added to the excitement of the
occasion, by blowing up part of the
house and some of the people inside
it, turning the affair temporarily
into a very high society function.
Under these circumstances, who can
imagine what a merry wedding
party it was that assembled there
last week. Stolypin, however, will
have this fact to console himself
with. Having married his daugh-
ter off, there is no danger of the
pair coming back to live at the old
man's.

Speaking of anarchists, the Cleve-
land Leader gets off the following:
"Waving a bomb, the anarchist
sought the Sage." "Sir," he said, "I
have but one bomb, and I wish to
make it go as far as possible. How
may I destroy the largest number
of the enemies of labor at one ex-
plosion?" The Sage needed no time
to ponder. "Drop it on the floor,"
he said, "at the next meeting of
your association."

How much does it cost to become
a musician? asks Winnipeg Town
Topics in a large heading. If the
neighbors charged up their proper
share of the cost, none but million-
aire's children would be able to
realize their ambitions.

Strong measures are sometimes
necessary to get rid of horses, but
that described by Toronto Saturday
Night in the following seems to be
just a trifle too heroic. "The head
of a bureau in an important govern-
ment department has long been
afflicted with a friend who calls
upon him regularly and sits down,
and sits, and sits, and goes on sit-
ting till assault and battery become
a virtue. The other day this sec-
retary bore with in the full exercise
of his functions, when suddenly the
official who had been scrutinizing
him closely, cried:

"I knew it! I was sure of it!
Confound those office boys with their
tricks on strangers. They've been
putting glue on your seat chair
again. Hi, Jimmie, bring a sponge
and a pail of water!" and pressing
with all his weight on the shoulders
of his victim to keep him down, he
continues: "Don't stir, you'll tear
the cloth, sure. Nothing is half so
adhesive as glue on a cane seat chair.
Here, Jimmie, moisten this gentle-
man so that we can get him loose.
Don't spare the water the cloth
won't shrink or fade.

The faithful messenger obeys, and
when the operation is concluded the
official conducts the visitor to the
door and bids him farewell with the
remark: "Perhaps you want to
hurry home and change your cloth-
ing, so I won't keep you. If your
trousers are spoiled let me know,
and I'll stop the price of them out of
the pay of the infernal scoundrel if
I can find out who he was. Good
bye!"

His friend went like the visions of
youth, never to return.

"Waiter, have you got any Gor-
gonzola cheese?"
"Yes, sir."
"Is it very nice and white?"
"Yes, sir, very white."
"And good and hard in the mid-
dle?"
"Oh, yes, sir. Stone hard."
"Thanks. Gorgonzola cheese
ought to be green and very soft!"

MONEY FOR SCHOOLS.
School Commissioners and Trust-
tees will be interested in the adver-
tisement in this issue, as this well-
known Insurance Co. is offering to
buy school bonds. The advertise-
ment is printed on page 8

Not Meant to be a Prince.

"I am not surprised," is the com-
monest most frequently heard in
Roumanian Italians on the reported
engagement of the Duke of Abruzzi
and Miss Elkins, the daughter of a
United States Senator, according to
a Rome correspondent.

In fact, looking back one can see
that the Prince's whole life has been
leading up to something of the kind.
It is quite safe to say that there is
not another royal Prince in Europe
who has known commoners all over
the world as intimately as the Duke
of Abruzzi. He began as a lad at
the Military Academy, choosing his
friends with a large liberality, which
gained him later the name of the
Commoner Prince," quarreling,
fighting and chumming, as all
schoolboys do on an equality with
the best, but never using his rank
to his own advantage. In the navy
it was the same. He was on friend-
ly terms with all, and mingled with
all sorts and conditions of men, his
experience making him a perfect
man of the world, and a consum-
mate judge of his fellow-creatures.

The Italians know him less than
any other of the royal Princes,
because he is so seldom here; if
not out on one of his expeditions he
is on a man-of-war, and only comes
to his native land off and on, but
they are intensely proud of him
because of his very real achieve-
ments and the endurance, almost
superhuman, which he has shown in
so many different ways, in Alaska,
at the North Pole, and on the Ru-
wenzori, in Africa.

When the Duke's friends wish to
get a rise out of him they declare
that he is not an Italian at all.
"How can the son of the King of
Spain be Italian?" they cry, and in
fact, the Duke, brother of King
Humbert, and for two years King
of Spain, was born in the royal
palace at Madrid, in the room which
Queen Victoria now uses as a nursery
for the Crown Prince, and he was
then third in succession to the
throne. This mode of reasoning
raises him to great wrath, especially
as since his first war he has
never again been in Spain.

He showed young of what metal
he was made by his ascent of Mount
St. Elias in Alaska, but far more
interest was shown in his Arctic ex-
pedition, in 1899, when he was only
twenty-six years old, especially as it
was an open secret that he was
spending a good deal more than he
could afford at that time to leave
his resources much crippled. The
whole royal family encouraged and
helped forward the project. The
Dowager Queen Margherita was then
reigning, and took the practical way
of reminding the Duke of his home
and those awaiting him there with
anxiety. She is more punctilious
about family anniversaries, so she
chose a number of presents with
great care, as each had to be tiny
and of little weight. Each parcel
was tied by the Queen's own fingers,
with the distinct of ribbon in
different colors, and each had a
written inscription. "To be opened
Christmas," or "June 21, 1901," (the
fete of San Luigi, the Duke's name-
day), or "January 29, 1902" (the
Duke's birthday) and so, one for
every anniversary during the three
years that he was expected to be
away. It was wonderful, consider-
ing how many there were, how
small they were in bulk. This en-
abled them to be easily carried and
when the ship was abandoned, and
the expedition betook itself to the
sleds. Who can say what comfort
Prince Luigi gained by a contempla-
tion of the visible signs of royal soli-
tude, when far removed from all
signs of human habitation and in the
midst of the dreary wastes and the
strange silences of the inhospitable
North?

The Duke delighted the heart of
his aunt, Queen Margherita, on his
return. It will be remembered that
she gave a votive offering in the
form of a magnificent model, in
silver, of his ship the Stella Polare,
as a thank-offering for his safe re-
turn from polar regions, and he ex-
pressed his gratitude for his success
in much the same manner. At Co-
rmatyur, accompanied by Captain
Cagni whose name in connection
with the famous Arctic journey is
almost as well known as his own and
the guides, he assisted at a mass in
the church there. His offering was
an elegant miniature scene of the
far North. It represented an ice-

field with a sled with two figures in
it, drawn by dogs, in full gallop.
After mass the Duke found some of
the real dogs which went with the
expedition outside the tent. They
threw themselves upon him in such
delight that he had to cry for more
and be relieved from their too bold
caresses.

The Duke remained some time at
Cormatyur, climbing all the avail-
able mountains, in the company of
his guides, who did their best to in-
duce him to promise to return to the
far North, and, of course, take them
with him. "Let us order our own
record," they urged, and with mag-
nificent conceit, "You and we, can
out-line the world!" Prince Luigi
only shook his head, but he was wis-
pered that he was already tired of
the amenities of society life and
thirsting if not for new adventures
at least for exciting ones. "I was
not made to be a Prince," he con-
fided to a friend, "but to be an Arab
and scour the desert, or an Eskimo
and search the ice-fields." Not long
after he was off to conquer the
Ruwenzori.



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With heart-flame and with candle-
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With noise of feasting and of jest,
With coming and departing guest,
The day long, and the night.

Landlord Life I too have share
Of board and hearth, of bed and
chair.

For yet a little time, no more.
When new guests clamor at the
door.

'Tis forth the old must fare.
Landlord Life, thy score for me
So shall I pay it cheerfully.

Ere to that other Inn I creep
Within whose cold guest-chamber
sleep

A dreamless company.
Theodosia Garrison in the
Smart Set.

In Edmonton it is no longer considered the correct thing to advise one's friend to "tell his troubles to a policeman." Among this "bustling, booming, capital city's latest acquisitions is a "trouble man." For the benefit of any young bachelors who may see fit to avail themselves of "its" services, I might just as well tell the truth right now and confess that I don't go on oath that "it" is a man at all, but what ever "it" is, it's the most useful and on your very latest possession, your Automatic phone, you'll find that the Trouble Man or the fascinating Hello Trouble Lady is the one to hear the story of your life in thirty-nine chapters. I was about to add any time you care to ring—but a sudden thought has struck me as I think over it. I believe the Trouble Person, like the Sandman and the Dream-maker Man, only comes in at night. For it is then that trouble and factious people generally get busiest—so the institution of this very modern and highly necessary office.

It was the Automatic Man himself who told me (over a Lobster a la Newburg "supper," when certain trouble, as you'll admit, seemed staring me in the face) about this Trouble Party. If you don't know who is meant by the Automatic Man you'll have to call up Mr. Cushing who christened him; but thinking doubtless that it wouldn't be long before I'd have to interview the Dream-maker Man or his second cousin, the Nightmare artist, this Automatic Man was kind enough to draw the table's attention to the fact that there was such an institution in existence and how it came to be there.

Now as you know, whenever a new invention is installed just as in the case where a young boy comes into possession of a watch, he wants to see how the business works. There the trouble usually begins. To find out, Man-boy decides he can't do anything better than call Jones up in the dead of night and then wittily remark: "It's all right, old boy, go back to bed and warm yourself."

In the beginning I don't suppose Jones raised much of a kick, if he did, there was no Hello Girls to overhear. But in the course of time, becoming groggy through a series of disturbed night's rest, his sense of humor became dulled, and appealing to headquarters or writing a letter to his local newspaper, I think it must have been the last name of (everybody expects his newspaper to grind his axe for him) the Automatic Co. decided that they would have to add, in order to perfect their system, a Trouble Man to the pay roll.

As I have never been able, up to date, to have a phone at my residence, no need to tell Edmontonians and fellow-sufferers why. I suppose I can't be accused of airing personal grievances when I say that a lot of Bell-ites and Municipal Phonettes maintain that this Trouble office is no new thing, that under both old systems there was heaps of it, only whereas under the auto-delivering method, there was trouble at both ends, now the only party who has any right to raise a row, is the subscriber—for the reason that the other man at the opposite end is supposed to be Automatic.

A long time ago, so long that doubtless none of my present readers will be able to remember, I can recall hearing that some of the oldest phone subscribers used to relate to their friends and families, that the Bell system used to make them think that some sort of an Automatic arrangement, that didn't work, was in operation. If you called up a doctor in the night, or wanted a policeman, or the fire-hall, you couldn't get them to save your life, either that, or an automatic night wasn't going to bother ringing them up again, and irate subscribers were cut off without even the privilege of one little, bad little word.

On the other hand it was surprising how sentimental phone conversations and even business deals and

No more will poor nerve-racked Hello Girls have to call back where the fire is, and what was the result of the city-by-law, for the days of the often times obliging, and always much-tried "Centrals," like the days of the Sinha dancers are gone, hardly likely ever to return. The Trouble Man and the policeman are all that are left to us.

"Peggy is homesick," writes H.D., an old friend of mine from down the line in the Veggieville Observer. "Poor Peggy. The West is too much for her at times, it gets on her nerves; then she wants to be back in dear old Ontario again. She longs to see a Doctor who doesn't overcharge his patients, fat sleek cows on the sidewalk and men with a competence, chewing by the running streams. She would like to be sitting in a cemetery while the maples move in the sun and the river smooth doth run and Edmonton seems far and strange with its passions and its change, there where all done lies undone. Poor Peggy, who'll take her to the cemetery?"

I would in a minute but what would the Lounger say?"

Well, and H.D., who that ever amounted to a row of beans ever lived that didn't get homesick once or twice a year? If I fessed up I'd confide that the feeling comes over me oftener than that; a home face can give it to me, the receipt of the old town paper, any of a thousand things. When I first came West I'd even be telling you I came out to make my fortune—but was always going "back home" to live and eventually spend it.

Today, though that same beloved home place was never dearer to me, it has now become the home that was, but probably never will be again. In Edmonton, with the fortune still as far away as being in the newspaper world goes without saying, I have found me another. Another that if I move on again I'll still look back to just as lovingly, having had the rare good fortune of finding in each all the good things, a home and friends, a person could possibly desire. If I were faithless to the former what

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LADIES' WEAR

The Mirror.

could you expect of me if I again passed on?

As to the cemetery? When I turned in my copy containing the little wail, the Lounger gave a suppressed chuckle. "I think, Peggy, two weeks in the cemetery probably would be sufficient," he idly interjected, knowing, as he does, that I believe in cremation, and never had any idea, at present at least, of applying for a lot back east. Glory be! can't a body want a quiet meditation in peaceful surroundings without applying permanently for membership?

H.D. I call you, I herewith bind you to accompany these same remains to that same final resting place any time the circumstances may warrant. The Lounger is kept so painfully busy manufacturing jokes he won't have the leisure, so can't object; personally I'm rather fond of you myself, so ask no better escort and though the robins have long since returned to Edmonton, H.D. is missing. What is the why?

HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon
The payment of the world goes by
For you, for you, I pause and cry
A Stander-By

With houses turned topsy-turvy house-cleaning from steps sticky from fresh paint, and hostesses head over ears in sewing, or preparing for the summer vacation, no one seems to have thought of doing any entertaining for a week back. But what we have lacked in smart social functions we have more than made up for in good healthy, out-door exercise.

Any afternoon or evening the tennis courts and golf links may be seen crowded with enthusiastic players, and since last week's high winds have abated, the weather has been ideal for either game.

On Saturday Mrs. Sydney Woods and Mrs. Cross contributed the golf tea, though Mrs. Woods was the sole hostess. The table looked very attractive and tempting, centered with a silver jardiniere of cool green ferns, while great apple green bows took the place of the usual embroidered centre piece. Mrs. Woods herself was looking quite the charming hostess, wearing a close fitting black tailor-made, with a huge fawn-colored Merry Widow hat with brown wings and pink roses. Miss Marjorie Brown, prettily frocked, assisted her sister in doing the honors.

There was quite a crowd on the links, among whom, and at the club house, I noticed; Mrs. Seoble, Mrs. Melherson, Mrs. Stinson, Mrs. Smith, Miss Babbitt, Miss Bate, Mrs. Wallbridge, Major and Madame Thibaudau, Mrs. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and Mr. G. R. F. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Cantley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Somerville, Mrs. Charlesworth, Mr. Justice Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mr. Bowker, Miss Ethel and Miss Pat Matheson, Miss Abby Somerville, Mr. Stinson, Dr. Cobbett, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Palmer, Mr. de las, Mr. Chaffell, Mr. Bell, Mr. Greenstreet, Mr. Rolt, Mr. L. Maistre and others whose faces I have forgotten.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie have taken up their residence on Seventh street, south of Victoria.

Mrs. J. D. Hyndman and her little family are expecting to pass part of the summer on a farm, about twenty miles from Edmonton, and are already preparing for their happy outing. As I said last week, where there are children concerned such a holiday is to my mind one of the very nicest possible, and already two or three devoted young mothers have told me they must have telephoned me of their intentions when I wrote last week's article.

Government House is again deserted for a season, the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Bulyea and Mr. and Miss Babbitt having left on Thursday for their summer vacation.

Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Miss Helen Cross, and Mastro Tom fitted for Bowen Island, all anticipating a glorious holiday. Mr. Cross returns for a short period towards the middle of the month, but Mrs. Cross and the children remain until the middle of July at least, when Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Hobson, who will occupy the Cross residence during their absence, having rented their own house to Mr. and Mrs. Calderon, will then go down to Bowen Island for an outing.

On Wednesday the Sydney Woods and family and Miss Marjorie Brown left to spend the summer at their residence on the same island.

Altogether there have been many fittings and the end of the month will see many more.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. Bowers on the gift of a sweet little daughter born last Sunday.

Mrs. Harvey of Orilla and Mrs. Lafferty of Calgary, two always popular visitors in town, are expected on a visit next week to their sister, Mrs. A. F. Ewing.

Hosts of friends will be glad to learn that Mr. Short of Calgary is now on the high road to recovery from her recent indisposition.

The first annual Alberta Musical Festival passed off with tremendous success and ended on Tuesday evening, the audience that assembled in the Thistle Rink on the evening of May 5th being one of the largest that has ever flocked there in that theatre of many fine memories.

In the Musical and Dramatic column a critique of the Festival occurs, and I shall only say all honor to the executive committee who carried through so perfectly what must have been almost a herculean task, and congratulations to all the participants who fairly covered themselves with glory.

Mrs. Pardee and Mrs. Calderon will be the hostess of the Golf tea on Saturday.

From the Toronto Globe of May 1 I take the following: "The marriage of Miss Muriel Whitney, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Whitney, to Mr. Mowat Biggar, son of Mr. Charles Biggar, took place very quietly yesterday at St. James Cathedral, the Rev. Canon Welch officiating. Only relatives of the bride and groom were present. Dr. Ham presided at the organ. The bride was given away by her grand father, Mr. J. W. G. Whitney, and wore a lovely white lace overdress on chiffon and white silk, with lace hat with plume, and carried lilies and roses. Miss Rena Whitney was the bridesmaid and wore a turquoise blue India mull and white lace hat, with pink roses; Mr. Selwyn Holmsted was best man. After the ceremony Mrs. Whitney held a very small reception at Wellesley crescent, and later Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar left for New York, the going away dress being of tan tussore silk, with pretty hat to match."

The smartest social event of the month will take place on May 22nd, when the Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire give their annual Bal Poudre, in the Separate school hall.

Already the gay social world is preparing for this unique event, for which it is needless to say, the Daughters are making the most complete preparations.

Tickets may be obtained from any members of the Chapter and at Silas' Oriental store, and Archibald's Drug Store. Ladies, \$1; gentlemen, \$2.

Mrs. B. J. Saunders entertained at a Military Enchere on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Herring Cooper was the hostess of a most enjoyable "tea," given in honor of Mr. Sheagreen of Vancouver, on Arbor Day, particulars of which I hope to give next week.

On Tuesday evening at the Separate school hall, the Ladies Music Club will give another concert, which will be eagerly looked forward to by all who had the good fortune to be present on the last occasion on which this excellent organization appeared before the public. Mr. Howard Stutchbury is now the conductor, which is sufficient guarantee of the standard of the work being done. The chorus comprises forty carefully-selected voices. Those assisting in the programme are Mrs. Marjorie Woods-Keely, soprano, the Ladies' Trio, Miss Wright, solo pianist, and Miss Wetherald, reader. The proceeds of the concert are to go to the Y.W.C.A.

Peggy

Personalia

Hon. James H. Ross of Moosejaw, now a member of the Dominion Senate, formerly commissioner of the Yukon Territory and at a still earlier date a member of the old Cabinet of the Northwest, was a visitor to Edmonton and Calgary last week. Mr. Ross has many friends scattered throughout Alberta, whose keen regret it has been that ill-health in recent years has prevented him from taking the large part in public affairs that his capacity fits him for. Mr. Ross confirmed the report of the general impression that Mr. Stifton would re-enter the cabinet as Minister of Trade and Commerce at an early date.

"How is the financial situation looking at present in the East?" he was asked.

"It's getting brighter and brighter every day, and in my opinion, the outlook for good Canadian investments was never better. I would say that the heaviest strain was over now and that the country was nicely convalescing. Western Canada has nothing serious to worry about and with a bumper crop this year almost assured and even more extensive mining operations that will soon be started, the whole Dominion will soon have its old time vigor."

Mr. Herbert Vanderhoof, late secretary of the Western Canada Immigration Association, which a few weeks ago decided to suspend its operations, was in Edmonton on Monday. Mr. Vanderhoof is now devoting his time to the editorship of Canada West, a magazine published in Winnipeg, which has done a great deal towards making this part of the Dominion better known to the world. It is now entering on a policy of expansion and should fill a most useful place in western life. Mr. Vanderhoof is most enthusiastic regarding the season's prospects in the west.

Mr. Victor Steffanson and Capt. R. M. Anderson, the young scientists bound for the Arctic regions, went north from Edmonton on Saturday. Mr. Steffanson on Friday addressed the Canadian Club on the character of the Eskimos.

Capt. Walke of the R.N.W.M.P. has returned to Fort Saskatchewan.

Mr. F. X. Gosselin, a prominent

official of the Yukon, visited Edmonton this week on his return from a vacation spent in Europe.

Dr. Donald of Lesser Slave Lake, formerly of Fort Saskatchewan, spent a few days in Edmonton this week, returning with Mr. H. S. Conroy, Treaty Commissioner.

An enthusiastic and well-attended meeting was held in the Liberal headquarters at the clubhouse on the corner of Kinistino and Elizabeth on Monday. Mr. T. H. Wilson occupied the chair and the speakers were Messrs James McGeorge, G. Koermann and F. W. Brown, all of whom discussed in trenchant fashion various Dominion issues.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

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DANCING TO COMMENCE AT 9 O'CLOCK SHARP

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Ladies' Music Club

FORTY VOICES Club FORTY VOICES

In aid of Young Women's Christian Association

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Mrs. Marjorie Wood Keely, Soprano
The Ladies' Trio
Miss Iva M. Wright, Pianiste
Miss Wetherald, Reader

Mrs. Aubrey Fullerton, Accompaniste
Howard Stutchbury, Conductor

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TUESDAY, MAY 12th, 1908

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